Me and Mom
1944

Mom

"Sara Inez Martin - Mom"

The first real memory of my mother is when Eddie was born. She was in bed with this little baby. About 1930. The next time I remember seeing her, she and a woman, named Grace, were sitting on the front step of our corner house and they were talking about a little boy being kidnapped. I found out later, it was the Lindbergh Baby. I think it was 1932. One was telling the other how someone with a home made ladder climbed up and took the baby out of his crib. It seems to me that I remember my mother talking about it

One time, on the same street, her two brothers came to visit. I don't remember too much about that. The next thing we moved to Graceland Park in Dundalk.

People burned their trash then. In a field next to our house, my mother was going to burn some stuff and the head flew off the match and set the field on fire. Someone must have called the fire department and they came and put the fire out. One other thing happened there. Helen was born. But that's another story. My mothers brother, Uncle Foy, was killed in the invasion of Italy. Later on, in World War II, some thing happened to her other brother, Jack. I can't remember anything

on Nobel Street.

The next thing with my mother was when Helen fell down the steps on Leverton Ave. I was looking at her when my mother said "My baby has broken her neck." and we were all scared to death. My father was very sick and they put him in the T.B. hospital in Sahlisville. I remember my mother and Pep took a train up to see him. I never did go to see him.

He lived on Nevra St. and my mother bought a new little gas stove. She said if you are all good, I'll make some fudge. One of us would get the spoon and one would get the pan. She probably left a little bit on them. I'm just guessing about that. But we were the most important things in her life. My father had died a few months earlier.

We moved to Kenneman Ave. after that. When I think of my mother, I always see her ironing with an old neck tie around her head. She has frequent head aches. I guess that's where I got them from.

Remember, my mother was trying to raise six kids, five boys and one girl and no husband and on welfare. It was called Relief back then. I am glad they took her away to the Sanitarium before they started taking us away, one by one. She couldn't have taken that because we were family. We were the most important things in

her life. That's the second time I've said that, isn't it?

My boys, Jimmy and Buddy were never allowed to hit each other because we were family. You never want to look back and remember hurting each other. I told you she was taken away and she took Ray with her. He was about two or three. I was talking to Pep to-day and I found out my mother had to go back to the sanitarium again in 1944. She was able to take Ray with her again because he was about eight. That left Pop, Helen and Eddie to live alone on Newington Ave. I was in Fort Custer, Michigan and was gone for three and a half years. "The War" remember? I never ~~knew~~ knew a lot of this stuff until recently. I am glad I have Pep to help me when I need it on things that happened while I was gone. Ray would help if he could. Some day I'll ask him to tell me how it was when he and Mom went away, if he wants to talk about it. I feel so good that Sharon and Lorraine have each other. I have to back track a little bit to June of 1943. Pep was working at Hutzler Bros. and I was at the Shipyards. Mom called Pep home from work and told him "Peppy, Junior's been killed". They showed me the telegram when I came home. How much more can a Mother take? She was sweet and demure like Sharon, but she was tough.

My mother got real sick again and

they had to operate. Her left lung was bad so they put these little plastic balls in her to collapse her lung. They were called Lucite. As I understand, they were about the size of marbles. Could have been 10 or 30, I don't know.

She went on for quite a few years after that. She didn't want to burden the family so she went into a nursing home. We went out to see her and the place looked bad. It was somewhere in Glen Burnie, Helen came out to see her and looked at the place and said "No Way". She was instrumental in having her moved to a nice clean place in Randlestown. Through all the years, Through all the good and bad times, she was still "Mommies Little Girl." Mom died in the nursing home in 1973.

1895 - 1973

Love Jim